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**FROM DAY TO DAY
WITH STEVENSON**

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From Day to Day With Stevenson

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From Day to Day with Stevenson

JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*Happy Thought.*

Every sin is our last; every first of January a remarkable turning point in our career. Any overt act, above all, is felt to be alchemic in its power to change. A drunkard takes the pledge; it will be strange if that does not help him. For how many years did Mr. Pepys continue to make and break his little vows?—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

JANUARY SECOND

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY THIRD

It is a commonplace, that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought. I believe this is every one's experience: but an apprehension that they may belie themselves in the future prevents mankind from trumpeting this cheerful sentiment abroad.—*An Inland Voyage.*

JANUARY FOURTH

He who loves himself, not in idle vanity, but with a plenitude of knowledge, is the best equipped of all to love his neighbors.—*Samuel Pepys.*

JANUARY FIFTH

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again. . . .
Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

—*Winter Time.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY SIXTH

Life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure.—*Markheim*.

JANUARY SEVENTH

On the whole, the most religious exercise for the aged is probably to recall their own experience; so many friends dead, so many hopes disappointed, so many slips and stumbles, and withal so many bright days and smiling providences; there is surely the matter of a very eloquent sermon in all this.—*An Inland Voyage*.

JANUARY EIGHTH

Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age. The friendships of men are vastly agreeable, but they are insecure. You know all the time that one friend will marry and put you to the door; a second accept a situation in China, and become no more to you than a name, a reminiscence, and an occasional crossed letter, very laborious to read; a third will take up with some religious crotchet and treat you to sour looks thenceforward. So, in one way or another, life forces men apart and breaks up the goodly fellowships forever.—*Virginibus Puerisque*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY NINTH

It's not only a great flight of confidence for a man to change his creed and go out of his family for Heaven's sake; but the odds are—nay, and the hope is—that, with all this great transition in the eyes of man, he has not changed himself a hairsbreadth to the eyes of God.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

JANUARY TENTH

Job has been written and read; the tower of Siloam fell nineteen hundred years ago; yet we have still to desire a little Christianity, or, failing that, a little even of that rude, old Norse nobility of soul, which saw virtue and vice alike go unrewarded, and was yet not shaken in its faith.—*Preface to Familiar Studies.*

JANUARY ELEVENTH

To spendthrifts money is so living and actual—it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune—that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent.—*A Lodging for the Night.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY TWELFTH

I wish sincerely, for it would have saved me much trouble, there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need. But we are all for tootling on the sentimental flute in literature; and not a man among us will go to the head of the march to sound the heady drums.—*An Inland Voyage.*

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live.—*Pan's Pipes.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY FIFTEENTH

A generous prayer is never presented in vain; the petition may be refused, but the petitioner is always, I believe, rewarded by some gracious visitation.—*The Merry Men.*

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.—*Walking Tours.*

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

—*System.*

JANUARY NINETEENTH

It is true that we might do a vast amount of good if we were wealthy, but it is also highly improbable; not many do; and the art of growing rich is not only quite distinct from that of doing good, but the practice of the one does not at all train a man for practicing the other.

—*Henry David Thoreau.*

JANUARY TWENTIETH

It is quite true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever slow to accept such truths.—*The Treasure of Franchard.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

I would sooner meet many wild animals than a troop of healthy urchins.—*An Inland Voyage.*

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand; for it is grounded beyond experience, and guides us, blindfolded but safe from one age on to another.—*Dedication to Virginibus Puerisque.*

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

When the present is so exacting, who can annoy himself about the future?—*Travels with a Donkey.*

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Feelings which we share and understand enter for us into the tissue of the man's character; those to which we are strangers in our own experience we are inclined to regard as blots, exceptions, inconsistencies, and excursions of the diabolic; we conceive them with repugnance, explain them with difficulty, and raise our hands to heaven in wonder when we find them in conjunction with talents that we respect or virtues that we admire.—*Robert Burns.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden and the family have to change their name.—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

“Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,” says Milton, “he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.” And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits.—*Walking Tours.*

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

It is ourselves we cannot forgive, when we deny forgiveness to another.—*Prince Otto.*

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers.—*The Master of Ballantrae.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

What can be more encouraging than to find the friend who was welcome at one age, still welcome at another?—*Dedication to Virginibus Puerisque.*

JANUARY THIRTIETH

A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.—*Æs Triplex.*

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris.—*Walking Tours.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie ;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea ;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

—*The Sun's Travels.*

FEBRUARY SECOND

It is lawful to pray God that we be not led
into temptation ; but not lawful to skulk from
those that come to us.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY THIRD

In this mixed world, if you can find one or two sensible places in a man, above all, if you should find a whole family living together on such pleasant terms, you may surely be satisfied, and take the rest for granted; or, what is a great deal better, boldly make up your mind that you can do perfectly well without the rest; and that ten thousand bad traits cannot make a single good one any the less good.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Times are changed with him who marries; there are no more by-path meadows, where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave. Idleness, which is often becoming and even wise in the bachelor, begins to wear a different aspect when you have a wife to support.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FEBRUARY FIFTH

“You are a religious man,” I replied, “and this is sin.”

“Ou,” he returned, “if it wasnae sin, I dinnae ken that I would care for’t.”—*The Merry Men.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY SIXTH

It is perhaps one of the most touching things in human nature, as it is a commonplae of psychology, that when a man has just lost hope or confidence in one love, he is then most eager to find and lean upon another.—*Some Aspects of Robert Burns.*

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive. Such a man may be generous; he may be honest in something more than the commereial sense; he may love his friends with an elective, personal sympathy, and not accept them as an adjunct of the station to which he has been called. He may be a man, in short, acting on his own instincts, keeping in his own shape that God made him in; and not a mere crank in the social engine house, welded on principles that he does not understand, and for purposes that he does not care for.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

How small a part is played by reason in the conduct of man's affairs.—*Some Aspects of Robert Burns.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY NINTH

In this world of imperfection we gladly welcome even partial intimacies. And if we find but one to whom we can speak out of our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

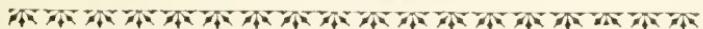
FEBRUARY TENTH

Jealousy, at any rate, is one of the consequences of love; you may like it or not, at pleasure; but there it is.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

“O yes, believe me,” as the song says, “Love has eyes!” The nearer the intimacy, the more cuttingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love; and because you love one, and would die for that love to-morrow, you have not forgiven, and you never will forgive, that friend’s misconduct. If you want a person’s faults, go to those who love him. They will not tell you, but they know. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind.—*Æs Triplex.*

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

The wise people who created for us the idea of Pan thought that of all fears the fear of him was the most terrible, since it embraces all. And still we preserve the phrase: a panic terror. To reckon dangers too curiously, to hearken too intently for the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose because of the thorn, and from life because of death: this it is to be afraid of Pan. Highly respectable citizens who flee life's pleasures and responsibilities and keep, with upright hat, upon the midway of custom, avoiding the right hand and the left, the ecstasies and the agonies, how surprised they would be if they could hear their attitude mythologically expressed, and knew themselves as tooth-chattering ones, who flee from Nature because they fear the hand of Nature's God! For to distrust one's impulses is to be recreant to Pan.—*Pan's Pipes.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery-bell, dividing the day into manageable portions, bring peace of mind and healthful activity of body! We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull and foolish manner.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

“I do not think you could be so bad a man,” said I, “if you had not all the machinery to be a good one.”—*Master of Ballantrae.*

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

If verbal logic were sufficient, life would be as plain sailing as a piece of Euclid. But, as a matter of fact, we make a travesty of the simplest process of thought when we put it into words; for the words are all colored and forsworn, apply inaccurately, and bring with them, from former uses, ideas of praise and blame that have nothing to do with the question in hand. So we must always see to it nearly, that we judge by the realities of life and not by the partial terms that represent them in man’s speech.—*Walt Whitman.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

When we discover that we can be no longer true,
the next best is to be kind.—*Some Aspects
of Robert Burns.*

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

I read, dear friend, in your dear face
Your life's tale told with perfect grace;
The river of your life, I trace
Up the sun-chequered, devious bed
To the far-distant fountain-head.

Not one quick beat of your warm heart,
Nor thought that came to you apart,
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain
Nor sorrow, has gone by in vain;

But as some lone, wood-wandering child
Brings home with him at evening mild
The thorns and flowers of all the wild,
From your whole life, O fair and true,
Your flowers and thorns you bring with you!

To F. J. S.

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

A clean shrift makes simple living.
Will o' the Mill.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

It seems as if marriage were the royal road through life, and realized, on the instant, what we have all dreamed on summer Sundays when the bells ring, or at night when we cannot sleep for the desire of living. They think it will sober and change them. Like those who join a brotherhood, they fancy it needs but an act to be out of the coil and clamor for ever. But this is a wile of the devil's. To the end, spring winds will sow disquietude, passing faces leave a regret behind them, and the whole world keep calling and calling in their ears. For marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Respectability is a very good thing in its way, but it does not rise superior to all considerations. I would not for a moment venture to hint that it was a matter of taste; but I think I will go as far as this: that if a position is admittedly unkind, uncomfortable, unnecessary, and superfluously useless, although it were as respectable as the Church of England, the sooner a man is out of it, the better for himself and all concerned.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass, has most time to consider others.—*Æs Triplex.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

But surely it is no very extravagant opinion that it is better to give than to receive, to serve than to use our companions; and above all, where there is no question of service upon either side, that it is good to enjoy their company like a natural man.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.—*Kidnapped.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

The Lion is the King of Beasts, but he is scarcely suitable for a domestic pet. In the same way, I suspect love is rather too violent a passion to make, in all cases, a good domestic sentiment. Like other violent excitements, it throws up not only what is best, but what is worst and smallest, in men's characters.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

If people knew what an inspiring thing it is to hear a man boasting, so long as he boasts of what he really has, I believe they would do it more freely and with a better grace.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Nothing is given for nothing in this world; there can be no true love, even on your own side, without devotion; devotion is the exercise of love, by which it grows.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill.—*El Dorado.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life.—*Prince Otto.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MARCH

MARCH FIRST

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

—*Windy Nights.*

MARCH SECOND

Love should run out to meet love with open arms. Indeed, the ideal story is that of two people who go into love step for step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MARCH THIRD

Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways ; but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

MARCH FOURTH

Pure air — from the neighborhood of a pinetum for the sake of the turpentine—unadulterated wine, and the reflections of an unsophisticated spirit in the presence of the works of nature—these, my boy, are the best medical appliances and the best religious comforts.—*The Treasure of Franchard.*

MARCH FIFTH

The true ignorance is when a man does not know that he has received a good gift, or begins to imagine that he has got it for himself. The self-made man is the funniest windbag after all! There is a marked difference between decreeing light in chaos, and lighting the gas in a metropolitan back-parlor with a box of patent matches.—*An Inland Voyage.*

MARCH SIXTH

Truly, of our pleasant vices, the gods make whips to scourge us.—*François Villon.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

MARCH SEVENTH

We need pickles nowadays to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person, cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology ever invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables; and if he has but read of a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.—*Child's Play*.

MARCH EIGHTH

If we are not here to try to do the best, in my humble opinion, the sooner we are away the better for all parties.—*The Master of Ballantrae*.

MARCH NINTH

To deal plainly, if they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed; and among the others, there would be not a few tumultuous households.—*Virginibus Puerisque*.

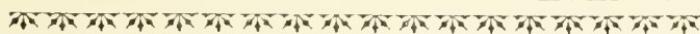
FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MARCH TENTH

It is only by unintermittent snubbing that the pretty ones can keep us in our place. Men, as Miss Howe or Miss Harlowe would have said, "are such encroachers." For my part, I am body and soul with the women; and after a well-married couple, there is nothing so beautiful in the world as the myth of the divine huntress. It is no use for a man to take to the woods; we know him; Anthony tried the same thing long ago, and had a pitiful time of it by all accounts. But there is this about some women, which overtops the best gymnosophist among men, that they suffice to themselves, and can walk in a high and cold zone without the countenance of any trousered being. There is nothing so encouraging as the spectacle of self-sufficiency. And when I think of the slim and lovely maidens, running the woods all night to the note of Diana's horn; moving among the old oaks, as fancy-free as they; things of the forest and the starlight, not touched by the commotion of man's hot and turbid life—although there are plenty other ideals that I should prefer—I find my heart beat at the thought of this one. 'Tis to fail in life, but to fail with what a grace!—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MARCH ELEVENTH

A man, Mr. Scrymgeour, may fall into a thousand perplexities, but if his heart be upright and his intelligence unclouded, he will issue from them all without dishonor.—*The Rajah's Diamond.*

MARCH TWELFTH

O to be up and doing, O
Unfearing and unshamed to go
In all the uproar and the press
About my human business!
My undissuaded heart I hear
Whisper courage in my ear.
With voiceless calls, the ancient earth
Summons me to a daily birth.
Thou, O my love, ye, O my friends—
The gist of life, the end of ends—
To laugh, to love, to live, to die,
Ye call me by the ear and eye!

—*Our Lady of the Snows.*

MARCH THIRTEENTH

The cruelest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MARCH FOURTEENTH

I could never fathom how a man dares to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral. What is he to say that will not be an anti-climax? For though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons, I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. 'Tis the best preacher itself, and preaches day and night; not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past, but convicting your own soul of ardent sympathies; or rather, like all good preachers, it sets you preaching to yourself.—*An Inland Voyage.*

MARCH FIFTEENTH

Some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their features; as though a god, traveling by our green highways, should but ope the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again for ever.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

MARCH SIXTEENTH

And goodness in marriage is a more intricate problem than mere single virtue; for in marriage there are two ideals to be realized.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

My bonny man, the warld, it's true,
Was made for neither me nor you;
It's just a place to warstle through,
 As Job confessed o't;
And ay the best that we can do
 Is mak the best o't.

—*The Counterblast.*

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

All the world imagine they will be exceptional when they grow wealthy; but possession is debasing, new desires spring up; and the silly taste for ostentation eats out the heart of pleasure.—*The Treasure of Franchard.*

MARCH NINETEENTH

Rightly understood, it is on the softest of all objects, the sympathetic heart, that the wheel of society turns easily and securely as on a perfect axle.—*Walt Whitman.*

MARCH TWENTIETH

Those that have the underhand in any fighting, I have observed, are ever anxious to persuade themselves they were betrayed.—*The Master of Ballantrae.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

Cheyland scrapes together halfpence for the darkened souls in Edinburgh; while Balquidder and Dunrossness bemoan the ignorance of Rome. Thus, to the high entertainment of the angels, do we pelt each other with evangelists, like schoolboys bickering in the snow.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

To show beauty in common things is the work of the rarest tact.—*Walt Whitman.*

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Are we not more concerned about the shadowy life that we have in the hearts of others, and that portion in their thoughts and fancies which, in a certain far-away sense, belongs to us, than about the real knot of our identity—that central metropolis of self, of which alone we are immediately aware?—*Ordered South.*

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

The body is a house of many windows: there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passers-by to come and love us.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinneys to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of window as he rides into town before his company. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten.—*Sire de Maléroit's Door.*

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

The world is a great place, and stocked with wealth and beauty, and there is no limit to the rewards that may be offered. Such an one who would refuse a million of money may sell his honor for an empire or the love of a woman.—*The Rajah's Diamond.*

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

There is an upright stock in a man's own heart, that is trustier than any syllogism; and the eyes, and the sympathies and appetites, know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

The more you look into it, the more infinite are the class distinctions among men; and possibly, by a happy dispensation, there is no one at all at the bottom of the scale; no one but can find some superiority over somebody else, to keep up his pride withal.—*An Inland Voyage.*

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

A full, busy youth is your only prelude to a self-contained and independent age; and the muff inevitably develops into the bore.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

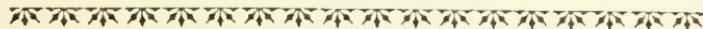
MARCH THIRTIETH

You get entertainment pretty much in proportion as you give. . . . And here is one reason of a dozen, why the world is dull to dull persons.—*An Inland Voyage.*

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

To look on the happy side of nature is common, in their hours, to all created things.—*Pan's Pipes.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL

APRIL FIRST

When aince Aprile has fairly come,
An' birds may bigg in winter's lum,
An' pleasure's spreid for a' and some
 O' whatna state,
Love, wi' her auld recruitin' drum,
 Than taks the gate.

The heart plays dunt wi' main an' micht ;
The lasses' een are a' sae bricht,
Their dresses are sae braw an' ticht,
 The bonny birdies !—
Puir winter virtue at the sicht
 Gangs heels ower hurdies.

An' ay as love frae land to land
Tirls the drum wi' eident hand,
A' men collect at her command,
 Toun-bred or land'art,
An' follow in a denty band
 Her gaucey standart.

—*In Scots.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL SECOND

The very flexibility and ease which make men's friendships so agreeable while they endure, make them the easier to destroy and forget. And a man who has a few friends, or one who has a dozen (if there be anyone so wealthy on this earth), cannot forget on how precarious a base his happiness reposes; and how by a stroke or two of fate—a death, a few light words, a piece of stamped paper, a woman's bright eyes—he may be left, in a month, destitute of all.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

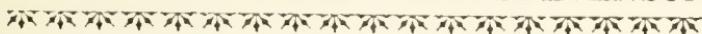
APRIL THIRD

We are all taught by interest; and if the interest be not merely selfish, there is no wiser preceptor under heaven, and perhaps no sterner.—*John Knox.*

APRIL FOURTH

Even to rehearse a triumphant dialogue with one's enemy, although it is perhaps the most satisfactory piece of play still left within our reach, it is not entirely satisfying, and is even apt to lead to a visit and an interview which may be the reverse of triumphant after all.—*Child's Play.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL FIFTH

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

—*Rain.*

APRIL SIXTH

I looked at the face of the crucifix, . . . the rays of a glory encircled it, and reminded me that the sacrifice was voluntary. It stood there, crowning the rock, as it still stands on so many highway sides, vainly preaching to passers-by, an emblem of sad and noble truths; that pleasure is not an end, but an accident; that pain is the choice of the magnanimous; that it is best to suffer all things and do well.—*Olalla.*

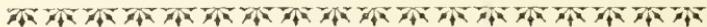
APRIL SEVENTH

Some day he will find his first violet, and be lost in pleasant wonder, by what alchemy the cold earth of the clods, and the vapid air of rain, can be transmuted into color so rich and odor so touchingly sweet.—*Ordered South.*

APRIL EIGHTH

I like to fancy that a grateful spirit gives as good as it gets.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL NINTH

An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich.—*El Dorado*.

APRIL TENTH

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees ;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

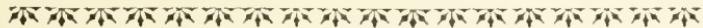
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain ;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—*Singing*.

APRIL ELEVENTH

The habitual liar may be a very honest fellow, and live truly with his wife and friends; while another man who never told a formal falsehood in his life may yet be himself one lie —heart and face, from top to bottom.—*Virginibus Puerisque*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL TWELFTH

It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn gray, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something worthier than their lives.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

APRIL THIRTEENTH

It is an evil age for the gipsily inclined among men. He who can sit squarest on a three-legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and glory.—*An Inland Voyage.*

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true; but what is it when compared to the reality of which it discourses? where hearts beat high in April, and death strikes, and hills totter in the earthquake, and there is a glamour over all the objects of sight, and a thrill in all noises for the ear, and Romance herself has made her dwelling among men?—*Pan's Pipes.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL FIFTEENTH

Birds all the sunny day

Flutter and quarrel

Here in the arbor-like

Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork

The brown nest is seated;

Four little blue eggs

The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,

Staring like gabies,

Safe in each egg are the

Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall

Chip, and upspringing

Make all the April woods

Merry with singing.

—*Nest Eggs.*

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Whether people's gratitude for the good gifts that come to them, be wisely conceived or dutifully expressed, is a secondary matter, after all, so long as they feel gratitude.—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL SEVENTEENTH

A man may be both coldly cruel in the pursuit of goodness, and morbid even in the pursuit of health.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

You can forgive people who do not follow you through a philosophical disquisition; but to find your wife laughing when you had tears in your eyes, or staring when you were in a fit of laughter, would go some way towards a dissolution of the marriage.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

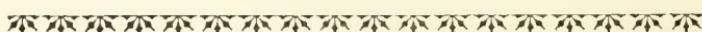
APRIL NINETEENTH

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it; and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joyously for days together, in the very homeland of the beautiful.—*Ordered South.*

APRIL TWENTIETH

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.—*El Dorado.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or
heart.

Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a
being

Trod the flowery April blithely for awhile,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and see-
ing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased
to smile.

—*In Memoriam F. A. S.*

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

A woman can earn her pardon for a good
year of disobedience by a single adroit submis-
sion.—*The Rajah's Diamond.*

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

The universe is so large that imagination
flags in the effort to conceive it; but here, in the
meantime, is the world under our feet, a very
warm and habitable corner.—*Walt Whitman.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the
almighty will. . . .

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

You do not consider how little the child sees,
or how swift he is to weave what he has seen
into bewildering fiction; and that he cares no
more for what you call truth, than you for a
gingerbread dragoon.—*Child's Play*.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

All who have meant good work with their
whole hearts have done good work, although
they may die before they have the time to sign
it.—Æs *Triplex*.

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

It is better to be beggared out of hand by a
scapegrace nephew than daily hag-ridden by a
peevish uncle.—*An Apology for Idlers*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

We are most of us attached to our opinions ; that is one of the “natural affections” of which we hear so much in youth ; but few of us are altogether free from paralyzing doubts and scruples.—*Preface to Familiar Studies.*

APRIL THIRTIETH

For it is a shaggy world, and yet studded with gardens ; where the salt and tumbling sea receives clear rivers running from among reeds and lilies ; fruitful and austere.—*Pan’s Pipes.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY

MAY FIRST

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
“Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head!”
—*Time to Rise.*

MAY SECOND

A snatch of perfume, the sudden singing of a bird, the freshness of some pulse of air from an invisible sea, the light shadow of a traveling cloud, the merest nothing that sends a little shiver along the most infinitesimal nerve of a man’s body—not one of the least of these but has a hand somehow in the general effect, and brings some refinement of its own into the character of the pleasure we feel.—*Ordered South.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY THIRD

Marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. It is not only when Lydgate misallies himself with Rosamond Vincy, but when Ladislaw marries above him with Dorothea, that this may be exemplified.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

MAY FOURTH

If we were charged so much a head for sunsets, or if God sent round a drum before the hawthorns came in flower, what a work should we not make about their beauty? But these things, like good companions, stupid people early cease to observe: and the Abstract Bagman tittups past in his spring gig, and is positively not aware of the flowers along the lane, or the scenery of the weather overhead.—*An Inland Voyage.*

MAY FIFTH

Youth is a hot season with all; when a man smells April and May he is apt at times to stumble.—*Samuel Pepys.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY SIXTH

It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to reawaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renewes a man's character from the fountain upwards.—*Will o' the Mill.*

MAY SEVENTH

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

MAY EIGHTH

Indeed, there is nothing so evident in life as that there are two sides to a question. . . . Age may have one side, but assuredly Youth has the other. There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that both are wrong.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

MAY NINTH

We are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world,—all, too, travelers with a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel, indeed, to find them. They are the end and the reward of life.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

MAY TENTH

It is a mere illusion that, above a certain income, the personal desires will be satisfied and leave a wider margin for the generous impulse. It is as difficult to be generous, or anything else, except perhaps a member of Parliament, on thirty thousand as on two hundred a year.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

MAY ELEVENTH

I had rather, strange as you may think it, be a detective of character and parts than a weak and ignoble sovereign.—*The Suicide Club.*

MAY TWELFTH

But after all, what religion knits people so closely as a common sport?—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY THIRTEENTH

The word “facts” is, in some ways, crucial. I have spoken with Jesuits and Plymouth Brethren, mathematicians and poets, dogmatic republicans and dear old gentlemen in bird’s-eye neckcloths; and each understood the word “facts” in an occult sense of his own. . . . We had each of us some whimsy in the brain, which we believed more than anything else, and which discolored all experience to its own shade. How would you have people agree, when one is deaf and the other blind? Now this is where there should be community between man and wife. They should be agreed on their catchword in “*facts of religion*,” or “*facts of science*,” or “*society, my dear*”; for without such an agreement all intercourse is a painful strain upon the mind. “About as much religion as my William likes,” in short, that is what is necessary to make a happy couple of any William and his spouse.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

MAY FOURTEENTH

Though penitence comes too late, it may be well, at least, to give it expression.—*Preface to Familiar Studies.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY FIFTEENTH

Charity begins blindfold ; and only through a series of similar misapprehensions rises at length into a settled principle of love and patience, and a firm belief in all our fellow-men.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

MAY SIXTEENTH

He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

MAY SEVENTEENTH

A high measure of health is only necessary for unhealthy people. The slug of a fellow, who is never ill nor well, has a quiet time of it in life, and dies all the easier.—*An Inland Voyage.*

MAY EIGHTEENTH

Even a sincere appetite for thought, and the excitement of grave problems awaiting solution, are not always sufficient to preserve the mind of the philosopher against the petty shocks and contacts of the world.—*The Rajah's Diamond.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY NINETEENTH

We are different with different friends ; yet if we look closely we shall find that every such relation reposes on some particular apotheosis of oneself ; with each friend, although we could not distinguish it in words from any other, we have at least one special reputation to preserve : and it is thus that we run, when mortified, to our friend or the woman that we love, not to hear ourselves called better, but to be better men in point of fact.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

MAY TWENTIETH

People usually do things, and suffer martyrdoms, because they have an inclination that way.—*The English Admirals.*

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

Some one has written that love makes people believe in immortality, because there seems not to be room enough in life for so great a tenderness, and it is inconceivable that the most masterful of our emotions should have no more than the spare moments of a few years.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near, only to separate them again into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and "hope, which comes to all," outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death.

—*Travels with a Donkey.*

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

There is no friendship so noble, but it is the product of the time; and a world of little finical observances, and little frail proprieties and fashions of the hour, go to make or to mar, to stint or to perfect, the union of spirits the most loving and the most intolerant of such interference.—*John Knox.*

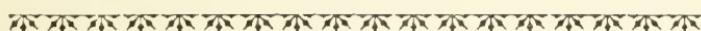
MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

The repentant have to do with God and not with princes.—*The Rajah's Diamond.*

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

Blessed nature, healthy, temperate nature, abhors and exterminates excess.—*The Treasure of Franchard.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations.—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

—*The House Beautiful.*

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

When the old man waggles his head and says, “Ah, so I thought when I was your age,” he has proved the youth’s case. Doubtless, whether from growth of experience or decline of animal heat, he thinks so no longer; but he thought so while he was young; and all men have thought so while they were young, since there was dew in the morning or hawthorn in May; and here is another young man adding his vote to those of previous generations and riveting another link to the chain of testimony.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



MAY TWENTY-NINTH

“Time was,” the golden head
Irrevocably said;
But time which none can bind,
While flowing fast away, leaves love behind.

—*To Willie and Henrietta.*

MAY THIRTIETH

At the death of every one whom we love, some fair and honorable portion of our existence falls away, and we are dislodged from one of these dear provinces; and they are not, perhaps, the most fortunate who survive a long series of such impoverishments, till their life and influence narrow gradually into the meager limit of their own spirits, and death, when he comes at last, can destroy them at one blow.—*Ordered South.*

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

Even in love there are unlovely humors; ambiguous acts, unpardonable words, may yet have sprung from a kind sentiment. If the injured one could read your heart, you may be sure that he would understand and pardon; but, alas! the heart cannot be shown.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE

JUNE FIRST

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazeled brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

—*Underwoods.*

JUNE SECOND

Of what shall a man be proud, if he is not
proud of his friends?—*Travels with a Donkey.*

JUNE THIRD

The outer world, from which we cower into
our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable
place; and night after night a man's bed, it
seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the
fields, where God keeps an open house.—*Travels
with a Donkey.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE FOURTH

When the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace ;
Grasses hide my hiding-place ;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring ;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers ;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

—*The Dumb Soldier.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE FIFTH

For nature commends itself to people with a most insinuating art; the busiest is now and again arrested by a great sunset; and you may be as pacific or as cold-blooded as you will, but you cannot help some emotion when you read of well-disputed battles, or meet a pair of lovers in the lane.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

JUNE SIXTH

We are ninety-nine times disappointed in our beggarly selves for once that we are disappointed in our friend.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

JUNE SEVENTH

Even in quite intermediate stages, a dash of enthusiasm is not a thing to be ashamed of in the retrospect: if St. Paul had not been a very zealous Pharisee, he would have been a colder Christian.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

JUNE EIGHTH

After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession.—*Walking Tours.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE NINTH

We may have passed a place a thousand times and one; and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings; so that we see it “with a child’s first pleasure,” as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lake side.—*Ordered South.*

JUNE TENTH

“Nature,” I told her, “was the voice of God, which men disobey at peril.”—*Olalla.*

JUNE ELEVENTH

About God Himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.—*Markheim.*

JUNE TWELFTH

In the hearts of the men whom he met, he read as in a book; and, what is yet more rare, his knowledge of himself equaled his knowledge of others.—*Some Aspects of Robert Burns.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

JUNE THIRTEENTH

After a good woman, and a good book, and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river.—*An Inland Voyage.*

JUNE FOURTEENTH

A ship captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence in love and keep it bright and delicate.
—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

JUNE FIFTEENTH

Sensation does not count for so much in our first years as afterwards; something of the swaddling numbness of infancy clings about us; we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist. . . . And here, of course, you will understand pleasurable sensations; . . . alas! pain has its own way with all of us; it breaks in, a rude visitant, upon the fairy garden where the child wanders in a dream, no less surely than it rules upon the field of battle, or sends the immortal war-god whimpering to his father; and innocence, no more than philosophy, can protect us from this sting.—*Child's Play.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE SIXTEENTH

To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity or semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body; but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

A particular shape of cloud, the appearance of a particular star, the holiday of some particular saint, anything in short to remind the combatants of patriotic legends or old successes, may be enough to change the issue of a pitched battle; for it gives to the one party a feeling that Right and the larger interests are with them.—*The English Admirals.*

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

Hope is the boy, a blind, headlong, pleasant fellow, good to chase swallows with the salt; Faith is the grave, experienced, yet smiling man. Hope lives on ignorance; open-eyed Faith is built upon a knowledge of our life, of the tyranny of circumstance and the frailty of human resolution.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE NINETEENTH

The presence of the two lovers is so enchanting to each other that it seems as if it must be the best thing possible for everybody else. They are half inclined to fancy it is because of them and their love that the sky is blue and the sun shines. And certainly the weather is usually fine while people are courting.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

JUNE TWENTIETH

To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?—*Walking Tours.*

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

Those who can avoid toil altogether and dwell in the Arcadia of private means, and even those who can, by abstinence, reduce the necessary amount of it to some six weeks a year, having the more liberty, have only the higher moral obligation to be up and doing in the interest of man.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

—*The Sun's Travels.*

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Even a little secret, in such a married life as ours, is like the rose-leaf which kept the Princess from her sleep.—*The Pavilion.*

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

There are circumstances in which even the least energetic of mankind learn to behave with vigor and decision; and the more cautious forget their prudence and embrace foolhardy resolutions.—*The Rajah's Diamond.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

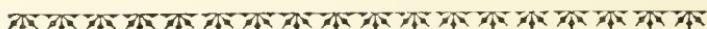
JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in the theatre to applaud “Hernani.”—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

The existence of a man is so small a thing to take, so mighty a thing to employ!—*The Suicide Club.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays. . . .

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The Gardener of the World, he goes.

—*The Summer Sun.*

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

There is no discharge in the war of life, I am well aware; but shall there not be so much as a week's furlough?—*An Inland Voyage.*

JUNE THIRTIETH

The very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good-nature, and help the rest of us to live.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY

JULY FIRST

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Bed in Summer.*

JULY SECOND

Falling in love is the only illogical adventure,
the one thing of which we are tempted to think
as supernatural, in our trite and reasonable
world.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY THIRD

Any stroller must be dear to the right-thinking heart; if it were only as a living protest against offices and the mercantile spirit, and as something to remind us, that life is not by necessity the kind of thing we generally make it. Even a German band, if you see it leaving town in the early morning for a campaign in country places, among trees and meadows, has a romantic flavor for the imagination. There is nobody, under thirty, so dead but his heart will stir a little at sight of a gypsies' camp. "We are not cotton-spinners all"; or, at least, not all through. There is some life in humanity yet.

—*An Inland Voyage.*

JULY FOURTH

It is not likely that posterity will fall in love with us, but not impossible that it may respect or sympathize; and so a man would rather leave behind him the portrait of his spirit than a portrait of his face.—*Charles of Orleans.*

JULY FIFTH

It is a great thing, believe me, to present a good normal type of the nation you belong to.
—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY SIXTH

I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

JULY SEVENTH

It is better to be a fool than to be dead.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

JULY EIGHTH

Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.
—*An Apology for Idlers.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY NINTH

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

—*Good and Bad Children.*

JULY TENTH

To live is sometimes very difficult, but it is never meritorious in itself; and we must have a reason to allege to our own conscience why we should continue to exist upon this crowded earth—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY ELEVENTH

There are two things that men should never weary of, goodness and humility; we get none too much of them in this rough world and among cold, proud people.—*Kidnapped.*

JULY TWELFTH

There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements.—*Travels with a Donkey.*

JULY THIRTEENTH

Almost every person, if you will believe himself, holds a quite different theory of life from the one on which he is patently acting.—*The English Admirals.*

JULY FOURTEENTH

Life is a business we are all apt to mismanage; either living recklessly from day to day, or suffering ourselves to be gulled out of our moments by the inanities of custom. We should despise a man who gave as little activity and forethought to the conduct of any other business.—*Walt Whitman.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY FIFTEENTH

Love, considered as a spectacle, must have attraction for many who are not of the confraternity. The sentimental old maid is a commonplace of the novelists; and he must be rather a poor sort of human being, to be sure, who can look on at this pretty madness without indulgence and sympathy.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

JULY SIXTEENTH

To hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years, and take rank, not as a prophet, but as an unteachable brat, well birched, and none the wiser.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

JULY SEVENTEENTH

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

—*A Camp.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY EIGHTEENTH

Earth wages open war against her children, and under her softest touch hides treacherous claws. The cool waters invite us in to drown ; the domestic hearth burns up in the hour of sleep, and makes an end of all. Everything is good or bad, helpful or deadly, not in itself, but by its circumstances.—*Pan's Pipes*.

JULY NINETEENTH

You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble ; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties ; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas ! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day ; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own.—*El Dorado*.

JULY TWENTIETH

For to do anything because others do it, and not because the thing is good, or kind, or honest in its own right, is to resign all moral control and captaincy upon yourself, and go post-haste to the devil with the greater number.—*Samuel Pepys*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY TWENTY-FIRST

You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection ; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company?—*An Apology for Idlers.*

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

It would be easy to leave them (children) in their native cloudland, where they figure so prettily—pretty like flowers and innocent like dogs. They will come out of their gardens soon enough, and have to go into offices and the witness-box. Spare them yet a while, O conscientious parent! Let them doze among their playthings yet a little! for who knows what a rough, warfaring existence lies before them in the future?—*Child's Play.*

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

Where you see no good, silence is the best.—*Preface to Familiar Studies.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances.—*Æs Triplex.*

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

He had the vanity of wickedness; and it pleased him to see another man give way to a generous movement, while he felt himself, in his entire corruption, superior to such emotions.—*The Sueide Club.*

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

When a friend that likes you very well has passed over an offence without a word, you would be blithe to let it lie, instead of making it a stick to break his back with.—*Kidnapped.*

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

There is something irreverent in the speculation, but perhaps the want of power has more to do with the wise resolutions of age than we are always willing to admit. It would be an instructive experiment to make an old man young again and leave him all his *savoir*.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age approaches. The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

JULY THIRTIETH

If a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

There was never an ill thing made better by meddling, that I could hear of.—*The Merry Men.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST

AUGUST FIRST

The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

—*The Gardener.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST SECOND

Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

AUGUST THIRD

If we had breathing space, we should take the occasion to modify and adjust; but at this breakneck hurry, we are no sooner boys than we are adult, no sooner in love than married or jilted, no sooner one age than we begin to be another, and no sooner in the fulness of our manhood than we begin to decline towards the grave. It is in vain to seek for consistency or expect clear and stable views in a medium so perturbed and fleeting.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST FOURTH

He never turned his back, even for a moment, on his old associates ; and he was always ready to sacrifice an acquaintance to a friend, although the acquaintance were a duke.—*Some Aspects of Burns.*

AUGUST FIFTH

The horror with which blind and unjust law regards an action never attaches to the doer in the eyes of those who love him.—*The Suicide Club.*

AUGUST SIXTH

That doctrine of the excellence of women, however chivalrous, is cowardly as well as false. It is better to face the fact, and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike, frailties ; whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than yours.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

AUGUST SEVENTH

But let him feign never so carefully, there is not a man but has his pulses shaken when Pan trolls out a stave of ecstasy and sets the world a-singing.—*Pan's Pipes.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST EIGHTH

The world's heroes have room for all positive qualities, even those which are disreputable, in the capacious theater of their dispositions.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

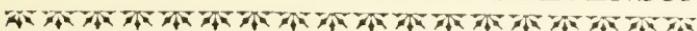
AUGUST NINTH

You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring tooth-ache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence.—*A Lodging for the Night.*

AUGUST TENTH

It is a small love that shies at a little pride.—*Sire de Maléroit's Door.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST ELEVENTH

Many a man's destiny has been settled by nothing apparently more grave than a pretty face on the opposite side of the street and a couple of bad companions round the corner.—*François Villon.*

AUGUST TWELFTH

Two children playing at soldiers are far more interesting to each other than one of the scarlet beings whom both are busy imitating. This is perhaps the greatest oddity of all. “Art for art” is their motto; and the doings of grown folk are only interesting as the raw material for play.—*Child's Play.*

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

It is odd enough; the very women who profess most contempt for mankind as a sex, seem to find even its ugliest particulars rather lively and high-minded in their own sons.—*An Inland Voyage.*

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words—aye, although Shakespeare himself should be the scribe.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST FIFTEENTH

It is customary to say that age should be considered, because it comes last. It seems just as much to the point, that youth comes first. And the scale fairly kicks the beam, if you go on to add that age, in a majority of cases, never comes at all.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

We all, whether we write or speak, must somewhat drape ourselves when we address our fellows; at a given moment we apprehend our character and acts by some particular side; we are merry with one, grave with another, as befits the nature and demands of the relation.—*Samuel Pepys.*

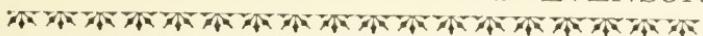
AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

People trifle with love. Now, I deny that love is a strong passion. Fear is the strong passion; it is with fear that you must trifle, if you wish to taste the intense joys of living.—*Suicide Club.*

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

There is no virtue greater in my eyes than intellectual clarity.—*The Dynamiter.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST NINETEENTH

To tell truth, rightly understood, is not to state the true facts, but to convey a true impression; truth in spirit, not truth to letter, is the true veracity.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

AUGUST TWENTIETH

Undying hope is co-ruler of the human bosom with infallible credulity. A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right. Mankind, after centuries of failure, are still upon the eve of a thoroughly constitutional millennium.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

A man who must separate himself from his neighbors' habits in order to be happy, is in much the same case with one who requires to take opium for the same purpose. What we want to see is one who can breast into the world, do a man's work, and still reserve his first and pure enjoyment of existence.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Although it may have been a very difficult thing to paint the Marriage of Cana, or write the fourth act of Antony and Cleopatra, there is a more difficult piece of art before every one in this world who cares to set about explaining his own character to others.—*Virginibus Puerisque*:

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

Gymnosophists go into a wood with all nature seething around them, with romance on every side; it would be much more to the purpose, if they took up their abode in a dull country town, where they should see just so much of humanity as to keep them from desiring more, and only the stale externals of man's life.—*An Inland Voyage*.

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

—*The Whole Duty of Children*.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

The essence of love is kindness.—*Virginibus Puerisque*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Money enters in two different characters into the scheme of life. A certain amount, varying with the number and empire of our desires, is a true necessary to each one of us in the present order of society; but beyond that amount, money is a commodity to be bought or not to be bought, a luxury in which we may either indulge or stint ourselves, like any other. And there are many luxuries that we may legitimately prefer to it, such as a grateful conscience, a country life, or the woman of our inclination.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

Age asks with timidity to be spared intolerable pain; youth, taking fortune by the beard, demands joy like a right.—*The Dynamiter.*

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colors.—*El Dorado.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

In our tender years we still preserve a freshness of surprise at our prolonged existence; events make an impression out of all proportion to their consequence; we are unspeakably touched by our own past adventures, and look forward to our future personality with sentimental interest.—*Samuel Pepys.*

AUGUST THIRTIETH

The best of men and the best of women may sometimes live together all their lives, and, for want of some consent on fundamental questions, hold each other lost spirits to the end.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

—*Looking Forward.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall ;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way ;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

—*The Moon.*

SEPTEMBER SECOND

This simple accident of falling in love is as beneficial as it is astonishing. It arrests the petrifying influence of years, disproves cold-blooded and cynical conclusions, and awakens dormant sensibilities.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER THIRD

There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. . . . As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appear to me as being Success in Life.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary.—*Yoshida-Torajiro.*

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial.—*Kid-napped*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER SIXTH

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein ;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road ;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go ;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

—A Song of the Road.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

Death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day.—*Sire de Malé-troit's Door.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, like a roundabout infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquette; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

SEPTEMBER NINTH

A man should be ashamed to take his food if he has not alchemy enough in his stomach to turn some of it into intense and enjoyable occupation.—*Walt Whitman.*

SEPTEMBER TENTH

I hate cynicism a great deal worse than I do the devil; unless perhaps the two were the same thing? And yet 'tis a good tonic; the cold tub and bath-towel of the sentiments; and positively necessary to life in cases of advanced sensibility.
—*An Inland Voyage.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

No man can find out the world, says Solomon, from beginning to end, because the world is in his heart; and so it is impossible for any of us to understand, from beginning to end, that agreement of harmonious circumstances that creates in us the highest pleasure of admiration, precisely because some of these circumstances are hidden from us for ever in the constitution of our own bodies.—*Ordered South.*

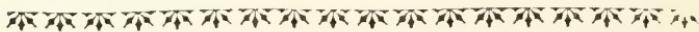
SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

The regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable: so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impulse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others; and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers.—*Child's Play.*

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness.—*François Villon.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

The power of money is an article of faith, in which I profess myself a sceptic. A hundred pounds will with difficulty support you a year; and with somewhat more difficulty you may spend it in a night; and without any difficulty at all you may lose it in five minutes on the Stock Exchange. If you are of that stamp of man that rises, a penny would be as useful; if you belong to those that fall, a penny would be no more useless.—*The Dynamiter.*

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

Respectability and the duties of society haunt and burden their poor devotees; and what seems at first the very primrose path of life, proves difficult and thorny like the rest.—*Samuel Pepys.*

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

If people grow presuming and self-important over such matters as a dukedom or the Holy See, they will scarcely support the dizziest elevation in life without some suspicion of a strut; and the dizziest elevation is to love and be loved in return.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Children think very much the same thoughts and dream the same dreams, as bearded men and marriageable women. No one is more romantic. Fame and honor, the love of young men and the love of mothers, the business man's pleasure in method, all these and others they anticipate and rehearse in their play hours.—*Child's Play.*

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact.—*Æs Triplex.*

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

“Do I contradict myself?” he asks somewhere; and then pat comes the answer, the best answer ever given in print, worthy of a sage, or rather of a woman: “Very well, then, I contradict myself!”—*Walt Whitman.*

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Accursed life, where a man cannot even die without money!—*The Suicide Club.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victim, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together.—*Æs Triplex*.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Words are for communication, not for judgment.—*Walt Whitman*.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Beauty to the young is always good.—*The Dynamiter*.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Only those who despise the pleasures can afford to despise the opinion of the world.—*François Villon*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The average man is truly a courageous person and truly fond of living.—*Walt Whitman.*

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

A man must be very certain of his knowledge ere he undertakes to guide a ticket-of-leave man through a dangerous pass; you have eternally missed your way in life, with consequences that you still deplore, and yet you masterfully seize your wife's hand, and, blindfold, drag her after you to ruin. And it is your wife, you observe, whom you select. She, whose happiness you most desire, you choose to be your victim. You would earnestly warn her from a tottering bridge or bad investment. If she were to marry some one else, how you would tremble for her fate! If she were only your sister, and you thought half as much of her, how doubtfully would you entrust her future to a man no better than yourself!—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

The devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at mornings.—*A Lodging for the Night.*

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

But manners and bearing have not a wider currency than bank-notes. You have only to get far enough out of your beat, and all your accomplished airs will go for nothing.—*An Inland Voyage.*

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.—*El Dorado.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

—*Autumn Fires.*

OCTOBER SECOND

The faults of married people continually spur up each of them, hour by hour, to do better and to meet and love upon a higher ground. And ever, between the failures, there will come glimpses of kind virtues to encourage and console.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

OCTOBER THIRD

When a young lady has angelic features, eats nothing to speak of, plays all day long on the piano, and sings ravishingly in church, it requires a rough infidelity, falsely called cynicism, to believe that she may be a little devil after all.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

OCTOBER FOURTH

People may lay down their lives with cheerfulness in the sure expectation of a blessed immortality; but that is a different affair from giving up youth with all its admirable pleasures, in the hope of a better quality of gruel in a more than problematical, nay, more than improbable, old age.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

OCTOBER FIFTH

The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.—*El Dorado.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER SIXTH

You may safely go to school with hope; but ere you marry, should have learned the mingled lesson of the world: that dolls are stuffed with sawdust; and yet are excellent playthings; that hope and love address themselves to a perfection never realized, and yet, firmly held, become the salt and staff of life; that you yourself are compacted of infirmities, perfect, you might say, in imperfection, and yet you have a something in you lovable and worth preserving; and that, while the mass of mankind lies under this scurvy condemnation, you will scarce find one but, by some generous reading, will become to you a lesson, a model, and a noble spouse through life.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

OCTOBER SEVENTH

A woman loves to be obeyed at first, although afterwards she finds her pleasure in obeying.—*The Suicide Club.*

OCTOBER EIGHTH

Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.

—*The House Beautiful.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

OCTOBER NINTH

After a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through.—*Æs Triplex.*

OCTOBER TENTH

“It takes,” says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, “two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear.” He must be very little experienced, or have no great zeal for truth, who does not recognize the fact. A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustical effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offence.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Man, being a Protean animal, swiftly shares and changes with his company and surroundings; and these changes are the better part of his education in the world. To strike a posture once for all, and to march through life like a drum-major, is to be highly disagreeable to others and a fool for oneself into the bargain.—*Samuel Pepys.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER TWELFTH

And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side.—*El Dorado*.

And then you have Columbus, who may have pioneered America, but, when all is said, was a most imprudent navigator.—*Crabbed Age and Youth*.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

Those He approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
And still with laughter, song and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.

—*Our Lady of the Snows*.

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

To be suddenly snuffed out in the middle of ambitious schemes, is tragical enough at best; but when a man has been grudging himself his own life in the meanwhile, and saving up everything for the festival that was never to be, it becomes that hysterically moving sort of tragedy which lies on the confines of farce.—*Crabbed Age and Youth*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

This world in itself is but a painful and uneasy place of residence, and lasting happiness, at least to the self-conscious, comes only from within.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

A great many people run down jealousy on the score that it is an artificial feeling, as well as practically inconvenient. This is scarcely fair; for the feeling on which it merely attends, like an ill-humored courtier, is itself artificial in exactly the same sense and to the same degree. I suppose what is meant by that objection is that jealousy has not always been a character of man; formed no part of that very modest kit of sentiments with which he is supposed to have begun the world; but waited to make its appearance in better days and among richer natures. And this is equally true of love, and friendship, and love of country, and delight in what they call the beauties of nature, and most other things worth having.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Let us salute capacity wherever we may find it.—*François Villon.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

Let us teach people, as much as we can, to enjoy, and they will learn for themselves to sympathize.—*Walt Whitman.*

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Probably the table has more devotees than love; and I am sure that food is much more generally entertaining than scenery.—*An Inland Voyage.*

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

He began to fall into that prettiest mood of young love, in which the lover scorns himself for his presumption.—*The Dynamiter.*

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

But it is the object of a liberal education not only to obscure the knowledge of one sex by another, but to magnify the natural differences between the two. Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls and another to the boys.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man.—*Prince Otto.*

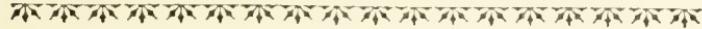
OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard.—*El Dorado.*

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

When I see a raw youth and a green girl, fluted and fiddled in a dancing measure into that most serious contract, and setting out upon life's journey with ideas so monstrously divergent, I am not surprised that some make shipwreck, but that any come to port. What the boy does almost proudly, as a manly peccadillo, the girl will shudder at as a debasing vice; what is to her the mere common sense of tactics, he will spit out of his mouth as shameful.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

For soon shall this low roof
Resound indeed with rain, soon shall your eyes
Search the foul garden, search the darkened
rooms,
Nor find one jewel but the blazing log.

—*To Mrs. Will H. Low.*

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

But it is never pleasure that exhausts the pleasure-seeker; for in that career, as in all others, it is failure that kills.—*Samuel Pepys.*

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

I am in the habit of looking not so much to the nature of a gift as to the spirit in which it is offered.—*The Suicide Club.*

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

There is nothing so monstrous but we can believe it of ourselves. About ourselves, about our aspirations and delinquencies, we have dwelt by choice in a delicious vagueness from our boyhood up.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else.—*Æs Triplex*.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

A man, alas! who is equally at the call of his worse and better instincts, stands among changing events without foundation or resource.—*Some Aspects of Robert Burns*.

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Happiness, at least, is not solitary; it joys to communicate; it loves others, for it depends on them for its existence; it sanctions and encourages to all delights that are not unkind in themselves.—*Henry David Thoreau*.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

Hope, they say, deserts us at no period of our existence. From first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusionments, we continue to expect good fortune, better health and better conduct; and that so confidently, that we judge it needless to deserve them.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

NOVEMBER SECOND

There are not words enough in all Shakespeare to express the merest fraction of a man's experience in an hour. The speed of the eyesight and the hearing, and the continual industry of the mind, produce, in ten minutes, what it would require a laborious volume to shadow forth by comparisons and roundabout approaches.—*Walt Whitman.*

NOVEMBER THIRD

People generally say what they have been taught to say.—*The English Admirals.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER FOURTH

The bald truth about oneself, what we are all too timid to admit when we are not too dull to see it, that was what he saw clearly and set down unsparingly.—*Samuel Pepys.*

NOVEMBER FIFTH

I fear that as we render to our consciousness an account of our daily fortunes and behavior, we too often weave a tissue of romantic compliments and dull excuses.—*Samuel Pepys.*

NOVEMBER SIXTH

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky ;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

—*The Wind.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER SEVENTH

It is a common answer to say the good people marry because they fall in love; and of course you may use and misuse a word as much as you please, if you have the world along with you.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking.—*Walking Tours.*

NOVEMBER NINTH

We grown people can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes until the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall, and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed. This is exactly what a child cannot do, or does not do, at least, when he can find anything else. He works all with lay figures and stage properties.—*Child's Play.*

NOVEMBER TENTH

Alas! in the clothes of the greatest potentate, what is there but a man?—*The Suicide Club.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

Friendship must be something else than a society for mutual improvement—indeed, it must only be that by the way, and to some extent unconsciously.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

A young man feels himself one too many in the world; his is a painful situation; he has no calling; no obvious utility; no ties, but to his parents, and these he is sure to disregard. I do not think that a proper allowance has been made for this true cause of suffering in youth; but by the mere fact of a prolonged existence, we outgrow either the fact or else the feeling.—*Note to Ordered South.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

Of a' the ills that flesh can fear,
The loss o' frien's, the lack o' gear,
A yowlin' tyke, a glandered mear,
 A lassie's nonsense—
There's just ae thing I cannae bear,
 An' that's my conscience.

—*My Conscience.*

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Many lovable people miss each other in the world, or meet under some unfavorable star. There is the nice and critical moment of declaration to be got over. From timidity or lack of opportunity a good half of possible love cases never get so far, and at least another quarter do there cease and determine.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

A man must not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to evade his obligations. I must be up and doing; I must be no skulker in life's battle.—*The Treasure of Franchard.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

It is to be noticed that those who have loved once or twice already are so much the better educated to a woman's hand; the bright boy of fiction is an odd and most uncomfortable mixture of shyness and coarseness, and needs a deal of civilizing.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending.—*Æs Triplex.*

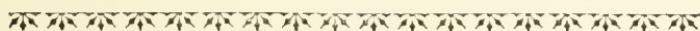
NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

How true it is, as the church tells us, that the truths of religion are after all quite applicable even to daily affairs!—*The Master of Ballantrae.*

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

I ask you fairly—can a man who respects himself fall in love on four hundred pounds?—*The Suicide Club.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

—*Good and Bad Children.*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

I have observed there are no persons so far away as those who are both married and estranged, so that they seem out of ear-shot or to have no common tongue.—*The Master of Bal-lantrae.*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

As we go catching and catching at this or that corner of knowledge, now getting a foresight of generous possibilities, now chilled with a glimpse of prudence, we may compare the headlong course of our years to a swift torrent in which a man is carried away; now he is dashed against a boulder, now he grapples for a moment to a trailing spray; at the end, he is hurled out and overwhelmed in a dark and bottomless ocean.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

One is almost tempted to hint that it does not much matter whom you marry; that, in fact, marriage is a subjective affection, and if you have made up your mind to it, and once talked yourself fairly over, you could "pull it through"—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Without doubt, the most of mankind grossly overeat themselves; our meals serve not only for support, but as a hearty and natural diversion from the labor of life.—*An Inland Voyage.*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

In wet wood and miry lane,
Still we pant and pound in vain;
Still with leaden foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face;
Still with gray hair we stumble on,
Till, behold, the vision gone!
Where hath fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay:
We have come the primrose way.

—*To Will H. Low.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

It is held to be a good taunt, and somehow or other to clinch the question logically, when an old gentlemen waggles his head and says: "Ah, so I thought when I was your age." It is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts: "My venerable sir, so I shall most probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other: pass for pass, tit for tat, a Roland for an Oliver.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

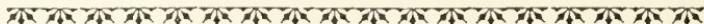
There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have.

—*El Dorado.*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Is there anything in life so disenchanting as attainment?—*The Suicide Club.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, He takes delight;
The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city, marks;
He marks the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats;
He sees the climber in the rocks;
To Him, the shepherd folds His flocks.
For those He loves that underprop,
With daily virtues Heaven's top,
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.

—*Our Lady of the Snows.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

—*The Celestial Surgeon.*

DECEMBER SECOND

A single desire is more rightly to be called a lust; but there is health in a variety, where one may balance and control another.—*Samuel Pepys.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

DECEMBER THIRD

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—*Requiem.*

DECEMBER FOURTH

Does not life go down with a better grace,
foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas?
When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young.—*Æs Triplex.*

DECEMBER FIFTH

God made you, but you marry yourself; and for all that your wife suffers, no one is responsible but you.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

DECEMBER SIXTH

It is only with a few rare natures that friendship is added to friendship, love to love, and the man keeps growing richer in affection—richer, I mean, as a bank may be said to grow richer, both giving and receiving more—after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death.—*John Knox.*

DECEMBER SEVENTH

That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

DECEMBER EIGHTH

Alas! I fear every man and woman of us is “greatly dark” to all their neighbors, from the day of birth until death removes them, in their greatest virtues as well as in their saddest faults.—*Some Aspects of Burns.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER NINTH

If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones.—*Æs Triplex.*

DECEMBER TENTH

Truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotion—that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime.

—*The House Beautiful.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER TWELFTH

Sympathy is a thing to be encouraged, apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with the materials for wisdom. It is probably more instructive to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person, . . . than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices.—*Portraits by Raeburn.*

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

Thank God, in the majority of cases, we so collect about us the interest or the love of our fellows, so multiply our effective part in the affairs of life, that we need to entertain no longer the question of our right to be.—*Note to Ordered South.*

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

—*Winter Time.*

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

It is good to have been young in youth and, as years go on, to grow older. Many are already old before they are through their teens; but to travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education.

—*Dedication to Virginibus Puerisque.*

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The best artist is not the man who fixes his eye on prosperity, but the one who loves the practice of his art.—*The English Admirals.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils.—*An Apology for Idlers.*

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say *no*, but surely it is the essence of amiability to prefer to say *yes* where it is possible.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints!—*Markheim.*

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity.—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

If we are indeed here to perfect and complete our own natures, and grow larger, stronger, and more sympathetic against some nobler career in the future, we had all best bestir ourselves to the utmost while we have the time. To equip a dull, respectable person with wings would be but to make a parody of an angel.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living.—*Æs Triplex.*

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

As the race of man, after centuries of civilization, still keeps some traits of their barbarian fathers, so man, the individual is not altogether quit of youth, when he is already old and honored, and Lord Chancellor of England.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

—*A Thought.*

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

If a man lives to any considerable age, it cannot be denied that he laments his imprudences, but I notice he often laments his youth a deal more bitterly and with a more genuine intonation.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

After the sun is down and the west faded, the heavens begin to fill with shining stars. So, as we grow old, a sort of equable jog-trot of feeling is substituted for the violent ups and downs of passion and disgust; the same influence that restrains our hopes, quiets our apprehensions; if the pleasures are less intense, the troubles are milder and more tolerable; and in a word, this period for which we are asked to hoard up everything as for a time of famine, is, in its own right, the richest, easiest, and happiest of life.—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

It is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood; and in matters of human feeling the clement judge is the most successful pleader.—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek.
—*An Inland Voyage.*

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end.—*El Dorado.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH STEVENSON



DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!

—*Envoy.*

THE END.

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